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VOL. 6. NO. 149.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Nov. 1.

1862.

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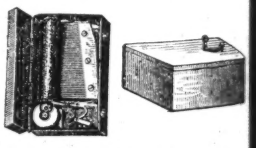

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A. WARD IN CANADA.

I'm at present existin' under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words I'm travelin' among the crowned heds of Canady. They ar'n't pretty bad people. On the cont'ry, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. VICTORIA, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mighter. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord MONK. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral HALLECK walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

MONK has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. But this has nothing to do with MONK.

One of Lord MONK's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss MONK. Mrs. WARD will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intelleck, which can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a WEBSTER or a SEYMOUR. I am not a WASHINGTON or a WADSWORTH. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as HENRY WARD BEECHER. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin'-House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein' a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. JIM WOLFE commanded the latters, and JO. MONTCALM the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But WOLFE was too many measles for MONTCALM, and the French was slew'd. WOLFE and MONTCALM was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named GEORGE DALHOUSIE, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary War B. ARNOLD made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. ARNOLD'S funeral had come off immeditly on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin', and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin' the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' em to intelligent American towerists. Takin' a perfessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lofty character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of HENRY WILKINS, the Boy Murderer. HENRY had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle EPHRAM and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this statooe was lost somehow, and not sposin' it would make any particler difference I substitooted the full-grown statooe of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the statooe, "this is a lifelike wax figger of the notorious HENRY WILKINS, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle EPHRAM in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' murderers for nephews. When a mere child this HENRY WILKINS was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin'."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figger represented HENRY WILKINS as a boy. Now, HENRY was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man! How's that?"

"The figger has growd, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, *I'm in favor of the Union as it wasn't.* But the Union, anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtoous! I, who am the emblem of virtoo, tell you so.

(Signed,) "A. WARD."

COLUMBIA TO JOHN BULL.

AIR.—JOHN ANDERSON my Jo.

O JOHNNY BULL! my foe, JOHN,
We've been long years acquent,
And once—' twas long ago JOHN—
I took you for a gent.
But in your grim old age, JOHN,
The truth you quite forego,
And your word's not worth a bodle now,
O JOHNNY BULL, my foe!

O JOHNNY BULL! my foe, JOHN,
My people were your bairns,
Till maddened with a blow, JOHN,
They left your cruel airms.
Yet afterwards good friends, JOHN,
We were, as well you know;
But alas! you've broken faith with me,
O JOHNNY BULL, my foe.

O JOHNNY BULL! my foe, JOHN,
You've done me scathe and wrong,
You've struck a dastard blow, JOHN,
You've sung a lying song.
When you saw my hands were full, JOHN,
You laughed and cried, "Ho! ho!
These Yankee chaps I'll wool now"—
Bah, JOHNNY BULL! my foe.

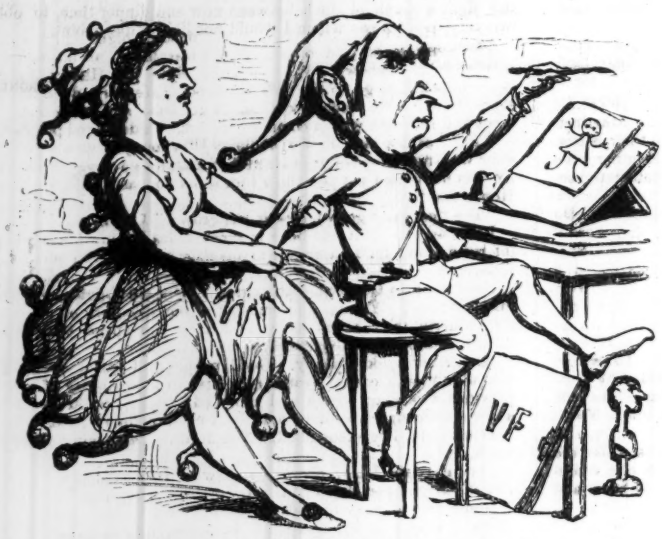
O JOHNNY BULL! my foe, JOHN,
I've called your country "mither,"
And e'en when not in Co., JOHN,
We smiled on ain anither.
But now we maun pairt hands, JOHN,
Your falsehood makes it so,
And you yet may live to rue the day,
O JOHNNY BULL, my foe!

About a Foot.

A writer in the *Evening Post* objects to the Rev. Dr. BELLOWS for dwelling with complacency, in his address at the Unitarian Convention, upon the fact that the Southern nobleman is gifted by nature with a small foot.

That is not the question, however, with regard to the Southern foot. "What boots it?" is the querie suggested by the writer in the *Post*. "Who boots it?" would be more to the purpose, at present; to which Echo would probably "reply," as the sensation writers say, by asking "Who?"

THE TOWN SHOWS.



We have two new plays on the boards this week, and they are both very funny. "No Rest for the Wicked," at Laura Keene's, particularly so. It is all along of an old rake, one *Monsieur Genet*, who, having married a young and unsophisticated girl from the country, wishes to settle down in some quiet place, and, for the variety of the thing, live a peacable and virtuous life. The young and unsophisticated girl doesn't see this. She wants to be sophisticated. This is what she married for. Her mother, *Madame Bidaud*—a gay old widow—takes sides with her and insists at any rate on a bridal tour. *Madame Fernaud*, the bridegroom's god-daughter, suddenly arrives from Paris and insists on taking the whole party there. *Monsieur Genet*, who has made every preparation in the way of easy-chairs, dressing-gowns, slippers, etc., for staying at home and living the peacable and virtuous life aforesaid, strenuously objects, but being overruled by the argument that nobody but a selfish and hard-hearted old brute would insist on depriving his bride of an opportunity to see the world and get sophisticated, is finally bundled into a carriage with the rest of them and hurried off to Paris. Here he meets with four or five of his old associates in wickedness, who have also married young wives and are having very much such a time of it as he has. The wives, on the whole, are pretty merry. All they do is dance and flirt—but in Paris such is life. The husbands are too old for dancing, and, as nobody cares to flirt with them, they are set out in the cold. Rather bad for the husbands, and not very good for the wives. Bad particularly for *Monsieur Genet*, who knows what it all means (having been there) and is dragged about by his wife and his mother-in-law as if he cost nothing and were dear at that. Moreover, things get considerably mixed up. In fact, the man gets jealous and sleepy (it takes an old *roué* to do both at once) and wants to go home. This in a ball-room, too, and when his wife is just getting to be sophisticated. He puts the clock ahead—also the watches of his old associates, (who are all asleep over a card-table,) but the trick is found out, and his folks—wife, mother-in-law, god-daughter, etc.—all conspire against him, and resolve not to "go home till morning, till daylight doth appear," (which it generally doth about that time,) when he resigns himself to his fate and a sofa, not to be disturbed again until one of his ancient pals, who had left the festive scene early in the night, returns to entertain him with an account of a love-letter which he found on his young wife's dressing-table, written by no less a personage than *Monsieur Fernaud*, (husband of the god-daughter aforesaid,) then and there dancing and flirting with his wife in the other room. *Monsieur Genet* is, of course, in a great flutter, thinking possibly what may be going on with *his* wife all the time, and at last (after a long series of incidents which I have no time to relate) makes a compact with the injured husband—who, meanwhile, has had a duel with his injurer and thus obtained complete satisfaction—by which *Madame Genet*, her mother, and the rest of the family, are made to believe that it was he, *Genet*, who wrote the love-letter, fought the duel, etc., in consequence of which (to his immense delight and to the happy and Frenchy conclusion of the play) he is rapidly bundled back to the country, far away from temptation, where he and his now subdued if not sophisticated wife expect to live in peace and die in a—etc., as in such cases made and provided.

I think it very likely, Mr. Printer, that you will consider this to be a very trivial plot for a four-act play, but for my part I think that a man who would complain of it would complain of being fed on syllabubs. The only fault I have to find with the thing is its title, which, unnecessarily perverting a fine old Scriptural precept, means, if it means anything, that when a wicked and worn-out old bachelor marries a wide-awake and unsophisticated young girl, he will have no rest to his soul or body until she has had a chance to see the world, get sophisticated, and become as bad as he is.

The other farce alluded to—"Bosom Friends," at Wallack's—can hardly be said to have a plot to its back. The title is an affectionate invention of Mr. Lester Wallack's, it having been christened originally "Friends and Foes." But this is of no consequence. When you not only appropriate a man's play, but go so far even as to withhold his name, (and, by the way, Miss Keene also does the latter,) it matters little to him or to anybody what you do with the title.

The story of "Bosom Friends," so far as it has one, is simply this. A wealthy and middle-aged simpleton by the name of *Union*, living quietly on his farm or what not, with his wife and child, and devoting his time to the cultivation of cactuses and the entertainment of bores, finds his house suddenly inundated with a flood of the latter, whose chief object, with a single and not very brilliant exception, is to pester and befool him. The single exception is a certain *Dr. Bland*, who is introduced for the purpose of preventing the seduction of *Mrs. Union* by one of the guests, but who, as near as I can make out, does nothing of the kind, though he does eaves-dropping enough in the course of the piece to entitle him to be placed on the detective force, and excluded from decent society for the rest of his life. The scamp who attempts to seduce his hostess is prevented from accomplishing his purpose by the trifling fact that she doesn't particularly love him, while about all that *Dr. Bland* does in the matter is to prevent the fellow from being caught and punished for the attempt—after which he (*Dr. B.*) marries the daughter of the house, a charming young lady some twenty years younger than himself, and feels, as everybody else does, that he got rather handsomely paid for his services. The other guests, rejoicing in the descriptive names of *Yielding, Meanley, Borrowell, Donoghue*, etc., are a set of fellows who behave themselves throughout like idiots, and are intended to show the kind of sponges and bores that sometimes cluster about a man when he has a plenty of dollars and no sense. This part of the story might as well have been told in a single precept and the characters not introduced at all. They merely embarrass what little semblance of a plot there is, and are an eyesore from beginning to end. So far as the action and *dénouement* of the play are concerned, the most important character is a fox which has been prowling all through the piece, and contrives, in the last act, to kill a hen and destroy a cactus, in consequence of which the infuriated hen-owner and cactus-grower—who is thinking of his hens and cactuses when, by a vulgar sell, the audience are led to suppose that he is thinking of his wife and his conjugal honor—rushes from the stage in a wild, melodramatic manner, and returns presently with the body of poor Reynard; whereupon the play comes to an end, everybody wondering what in the deuce it is all about, and why the fox wasn't shot in the first act, and there an end.

Speaking seriously, Mr. Printer, the only reason why both of these farces are not laughed off the stage is that they are so prettily gotten up and so nicely acted. This is especially true with "Bosom Friends," in which Mr. Lester Wallack, as *Mr. Union*, gave us one or two delicious domestic scenes, while Mr. Gilbert, as *Yielding*, (a pig-headed fellow who pretends to give way to everybody, but always has his own way to everybody's discomfort,) Mr. Fisher as *Dr. Bland*, Mr. Young as *Meanley*, Mr. Norton as *Capt. O'Donoghue*, (an intrusive Irishman,) Mrs. Hoey as *Mrs. Union*, Mrs. Vernon as *Mrs. Meanley*, and, notably, Miss Henriques as *Amy*, (the daughter of the house,) and little Miss Reeves as *Theodore*, (a roguish son of *Yielding*,) acted well enough to have saved a much worse piece.

In "No Rest for the Wicked" there was less chance for good acting, but Blake was admirable as *Monsieur Genet*, Miss Keene was as graceful and *piquante* as ever as *Madame Fernaud*, Mr. Charles Walcot, Jr., came near winning new laurels as *Monsieur*

Fernaud, Miss LAURA LEIGH was very sweet as the unsophisticated bride, and Mr. PETERS did the part of a valet to the life.

I don't care to see either of the pieces again, but they are both well worth seeing once at least, if only to admire the skill with which a good company can not only save a bad play, but make it, for a while, positively attractive. ℔pps.

P.S.—The next sensation in the dramatic line will be MATILDA HERON'S *Camille*, which we are to have presently at NIBLO'S, where Mr. WHEATLEY appears determined to carry out his original programme of producing nothing but first-class plays and first-class players—a programme, by the way, which thus far has enabled him to make more money than all the other managers put together. ℔.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

POTOMAC, Oct. 18th.

DEAR VANITY:—When I last wrote you, it was from the guard-house. I did not remain there long. The other prisoners used their influence, and procured my discharge. I was not popular with them as a companion. They claimed to miss things more after I came, than before.

I have been amusing myself, lately, by small skirmishes with the enemy. There is a Colonel here, STAHL by name, who has never been able to get rid of the old fashioned notion that fighting is a prominent portion of a soldier's trade. He is always fighting. I never saw such a fellow.

He don't seem to take much interest in politics.

If the *Tribune* could only be brought to attack him . . . and I guess it will . . . his fortune would be made.

Speaking of the *Tribune*, my brave soldiers begin to ask when their nine hundred thousand Abolition comrades are coming along. I myself think that GREELEY ought to come to frink on his bargain. The President has done his half; now for HORACE'S turn.

. . . When I was travelling in Mesopotamia, I met with an intelligent Gunjah-Wallah. He was the proprietor of a hospital, so he showed me great hospitality.

Amon other remarks incidental to our conversation, he said, in the high- oned Mesopotamian manner:

"My house is your house. All I have is yours. My camels. My date-patch. My daughter, for instance."

The daughter was a dark-eyed houri of the East, with silver anklets and lots of back-hair. I took her.

The Gunjah-Wallah seemed hurt.

"I guess you don't quite understand the customs of this country, do you?" he inquired.

"Not totally," I said.

"No? Well, now, when I offered you my property, I didn't mean for you to be quite so literal."

"Ah! Why did you offer me your things, then?"

"Oh! I thought you wouldn't take 'em!"

Now, there's a moral to this anecdote, simple and touching as it appears. Mr. GREELEY, like the wild dweller of the palmy plains, offered Mr. LINCOLN an army. "All my Abolition things are yours, O Haoji!" says he.

LINCOLN says: "Well, yes, I'd like to have the use of 'em," says he.

"Oh! but," says GREELEY, "*I thought you wouldn't take 'em!*"

I didn't say anything more about it, to the Mesopotamian chief; but I have had a secret contempt for him ever since; though he is now doing a very successful business in Philadelphia, where he afterward moved. I suppose LINCOLN feels a good deal the same way toward GREELEY. I should think he would.

I have reliable information, from a Rebel deserter, that the Union Army will leave this region as soon as an advance is determined upon. No raids of the enemy's cavalry have been heard of, here, since last night.

It is now positively known that Generals BEAUREGARD, STUART, LEE, and Stonewall JACKSON were killed in the fight at Antietam. President DAVIS also had his right arm blown off by the premature discharge of a canteen. This is not generally known.

There is a report circulating in Washington that the Government is about taking vigorous measures to crush out the Rebellion. This is not authenticated.

The great question of the day among the camps, is, who will be Governor of New-York? Many think that SEYMOUR will be elected. If so, who will take his position as dramatic critic of the *Daily Times?* This important consideration appears to have been overlooked by the nominating committee. Can't you attend to it?

. . . I must beg you, dear VANITY, to pardon the somewhat abrupt conclusion to which I must bring this letter, but I have to go out and fight a couple of duels between now and dinner-time, to oblige two very nice fellows whom I would not like to disappoint.

Adieu, then . . .

Remember me, who am

Ever yours, MCARONE.

TO SEMMES.

THE "Pirate's Own Book," Captain SEMMES,
To give every devil his due,
Cannot show in its string of sea-gems
One more worthy of stringing than you.

We say to his teeth, Captain SEMMES,
That JOHN BULL franked your vessel and crew;
Which one day in the mouth of the Thames
Or the chops of the Channel he'll rue.

Mercinarily bent, Captain SEMMES,
To the Mersey you late bade adieu;
Your Amercements e'en MERCY condemns,
So if caught there's no mercy for you.

Quite sarcastic reports, Captain SEMMES,
You send back of the mischief you do;
'Twere a joke, for such side-splitting "mems,"
Should we split your Two-Ninety in two.

You are worse than LAFITTE, Captain SEMMES,
To his country that Pirate was true;
But alas! no apology stems
The stern tide of our hatred for you.

Indulge your gay mood, Captain SEMMES,
Of your "tea-kettle" prate, you old screw,
We've a brace that steam faster, and them's
To a T the tea-kettles for you.

Our whalers you've fired, Captain SEMMES,
For our seamen no mercy you knew;
But in spite of your smart stratagems
You'll be waled till a wail comes from you.

You have made one mistake, Captain SEMMES,
British goods you have burned, if all's true,
And among England's sage apothegms
Is "I make all who injure me rue."

So it seems very like, Captain SEMMES,
When JOHN BULL to the facts gets a clue,
He'll send one of his ships from the Thames
To assist us in bringing you to.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

THE *Tribune* is working hard to show the reason why the Democratic party carried Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and likewise exults over the great majority of Mr. HENRY, the Republican candidate for Mayor, in Philadelphia. What is the use of beating about the bush, Mr. GREELEY? Why not come out like a man and tell the truth about it? We could have posted you up long ago, having been specially posted up ourselves, by the Newark Pet, who does the posting up of General HALLECK.

The fact is, large bodies of the Secession Army came North quietly, and did a little voting in those States for the Democratic ticket; two or three thousand of them having been specially forwarded by JOHN BELL from Tennessee to his friend HENRY, in Philadelphia. We therefore beg leave to state that, in our opinion, it would be better for the country (adopting Major-General CASSIUS M. CLAY'S cheerful view of the subject) that the Mayor of Philadelphia should be immediately hung, and that the aforesaid CLAY be authorized to elevate him forthwith; moreover that he be at once denounced by (In) Sanitary BELLOWS as a political miscreant, and if the hanging does not finish him, we trust the denunciation will. We call imperatively, therefore, for a forward movement by Gen. MCCLELLAN, and the instantaneous bagging of every rebel in the field, or else there is no knowing what may happen in New-York on the fourth of November. In the mean time we hope that the *Tribune* will come at once to the fountain-head for information, and thus be prepared with the reasons why and wherefore in advance, which will be cheerfully furnished him upon personal application at the spacious editorial chambers of VANITY FAIR.

THE FRENCH (?) BONNE.

Enraptured Frenchman.—"AH! MA PETITE COMPATRIOTE, QUE JE SUIS RAVI DE VOUS TROUVER ICI!—O CIEL!"
French Bonne, (from Corque.) "O SHELL, YERSELF!—DON'T BE BODDERIN' ME WID YER FURRIN GAB!"

ANOTHER BLOW FOR THE UNION.

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 4th, 1862.

DEAR VANITY:—A deputation of my townspeople, (town of Bellona, N.Y.,) respectable in character and number, feeling great concern lest they should be drafted the 10th of this month, formally called upon me a few days since, and requested me to go to Washington and intercede with the President to prevent, if possible, so unwelcome a proceeding as the enforcement of the threatened draft. Knowing that the President had for months been subjected to "*great pressure*," I felt considerable delicacy about undertaking the mission, and thus expressed myself; but so earnestly was I besought by my neighbors, that at length I yielded, and came on here, where I arrived this morning. I forthwith called upon the President, who received me kindly—we are old acquaintances—said he was glad to see me, that he was troubled to death about the war, and wanted me to give him my views upon the whole subject. I thereupon told him the object of my visit, and further stated that I had matured a plan which, if carried out, would in my opinion, relieve him of all embarrassment. He urged me to disclose it. I did so. He approved it, and directed me to embody it in a proclamation form for his signature, which I did as follows:

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT:

Whereas, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, did, on the 22d day of September, 1862, issue my proclamation in substance declaring free the slaves of all persons in arms against the Government, unless such persons should lay down their arms, etc.; and

Whereas, such persons have not laid down their arms, but, on the contrary, wickedly persist in carrying on this unholy war, to the great loss in blood and valuable lives of our loyal men:

Now, therefore, to avoid calling more men into the field—to prevent further loss of blood and life, and to end this unholy rebellion, I do hereby declare all persons who shall in any manner be connected with the army of the so-called Confederate States, on the morning of the tenth day of October instant, PRISONERS OF WAR to the army of the United States.

And I further order that this proclamation shall be read at the head of each regiment in the so-called Confederate army, forthwith.

Done at the City of Washington this 4th day of October, Anno Domini 1862, and of our independence the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

As the President finished signing this paper, he seized my hand in both of his, and with moistened eyes, in a voice tremulous with emotion, he said: "My dear Mr. Emtihed, you have relieved me from great tribulation, and our beloved country from all the horrors of civil war. My proclamation extinguished the *cause* of the war. Yours—for so I must call it—has gone further, and *ended up the war*. I shall have great trouble in satisfying Mr. GREELEY with this step; but, inasmuch as I gave way to him and issued the emancipation proclamation, it is his turn to give me my way in this."

After some further conversation, the President directed me to give the proclamation the greatest possible circulation. I suggested VANITY FAIR as the best medium. He assented. I then bade him good-bye, and hastened to send you this communication.

Yours truly, EARNEST EMTIHED.

Salut a la France!

M. LABOULAYE, in the *Journal des Debates*, has a long article upon America, in which he characterizes the present attitude of the European powers towards this country as "wise neutrality."

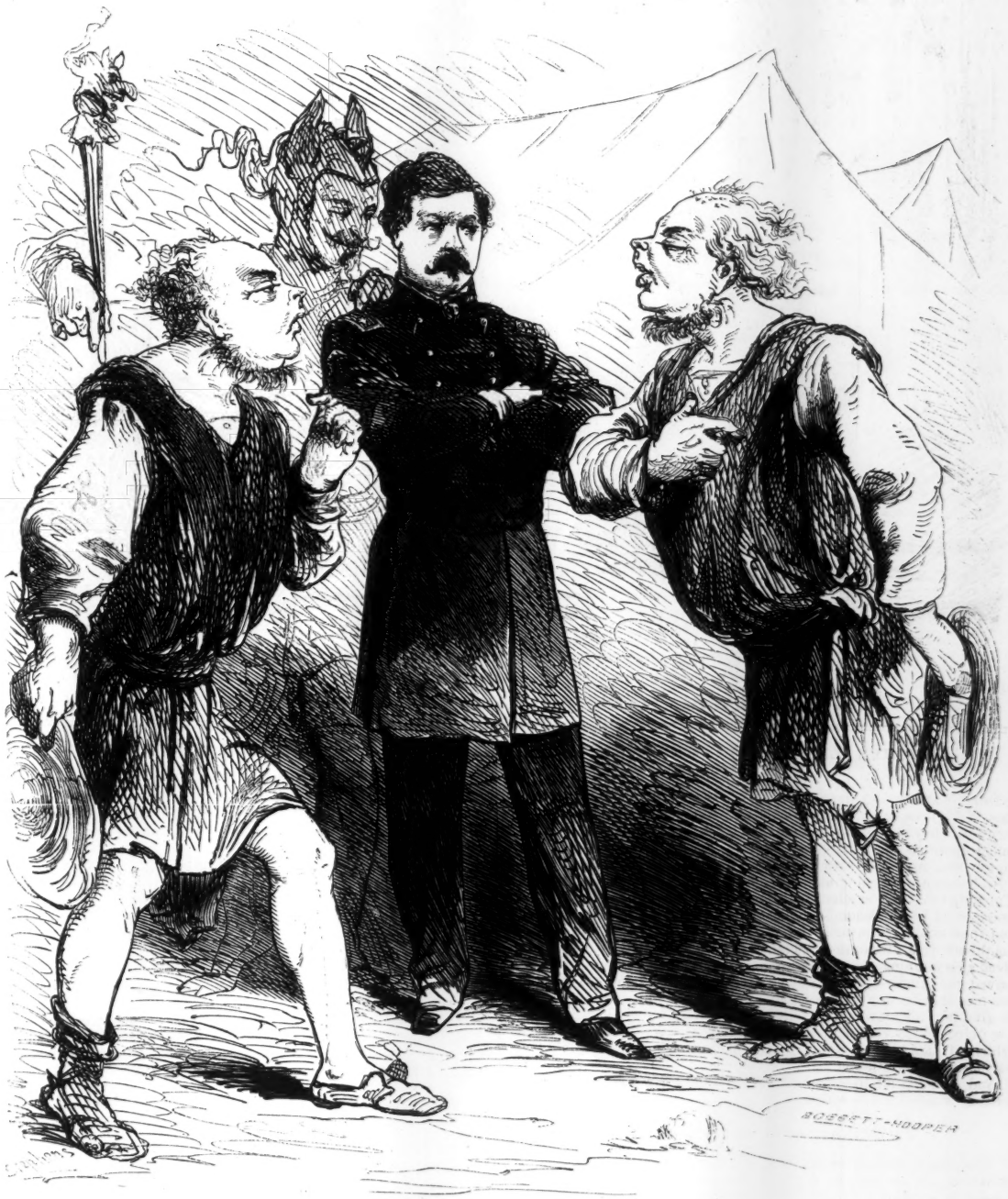
VANITY FAIR salutes the utterer of that sentiment.

Boulaye for you, M. LABOULAYE.

Literary and Suggestive.

A PROMINENT book-seller announces a "new and taking Romance."

We wonder what it takes from—probably from the French.



The Two Dromios.

FROM THE CONFLICTING ARTICLES IN THE TRIBUNE ABOUT GENERAL MCCLELLAN, IT IS EVIDENT THAT THERE MUST BE A DROMIO DUPLICATE OF GREELEY: THE GENUINE ONE MAY BE KNOWN, HOWEVER, BY THE MARK OF A STRAWBERRY-PLANT UPON HIS RIGHT ARM.

NOT TO BE DONE.

Bella, (who has received a basket of choice fruit from Captain Brown.) "NOW, CHARLES, TELL ME THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE AND——"

Charles.—"ROUND, LIKE A APPLE—BUT I DON'T WANT A APPLE—I WANT ONE OF THEM BARTLETT PEARS AND SOME GRAPES."

Disaster to General Greeley's Army.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Express* of last Thursday informed us that BRAGG's rebel army had driven before it from Kentucky into Tennessee, no less than four thousand *negroes* heavily laden. We are inclined to think that "negroes" is a misprint for "wagons;" but, should the statement be correct as it stands, we must infer that the four thousand contrabands in question were on their way North as commissariat staff to General GREELEY's army of 900,000 dark men, when thus rudely appropriated by the rebel chief. It is as easy to realize the fact of four thousand well-packed negroes captured by JEFF DAVIS'S BRAGG, as that of 900,000 ultra-abolition warriors raised by General GREELEY's ditto.

A Railroad upon which Smoking is not Allowed.

THE Lack Hawana.

Neat and Appropriate.

SOMEBODY advertises "Magic Currency Holders," by which, we suppose, he means pocket-books for the wretched gum-patches that still pass current. Perhaps the term "Magic Currency" contains a sly hit at the source from which our miserable substitutes for money may well be supposed to emanate, magic being generally attributed to the agency of the Old Gentleman in Black.

Up a Tree.

"WHEN you send round the festive decanter, my convivial friend," said ORSON to VALENTINE, "it's little you think that if JOHN B. GOUGH saw you in the act he would probably liken you to a noxious, if not fabulous tree—the Deadly You Pass, you know."

OUR INSTITUTIONS.

THE true-born American is wont to revel in the notion that he knows something about his native country and her cherished institutions. Particularly her drinks. If there is one thing about his native country that the true-born American generally imagines himself better "posted up" in than another, it is her various and fascinating beverages: but he may over-rate himself on the subject, may the true-born American; and lest he may think he couldn't, wouldn't, and doesn't, just let him read the following advertisement cut from an English paper:

"AMERICAN DRINKS.—Mint Julap, Kisses, Gin-Sling, Ladies' Squeeze, Europa's Tipple, Old Abe, Mrs. Davis, Hebe's Nectar, Cocktail, Shaker's Glory, and other fashionable liqueurs, in bottles, 2s. 6d. each; or 22s. per doz."

The true-born American will see from the above what a mere Know-nothing he is. He spells "Julap" with an e, for instance, and has no idea that it was originally derived from Dew Lap—an origin preserved by the Cockney who spells it with an a. He probably never heard of "Europa's Tipple" as an earthly American nip, nor imagined that "Old Abe" and "Mrs. Davis" had been subjected to a process of fermentation, strained through a fine cambric handkerchief, and bottled off as a "fashionable liqueur" at two shillings and sixpence British money, each. Little does the true-born American reck or reckon about "Hebe's Nectar," while, as for "Shaker's Glory"—well, we don't know about that; *delirium tremens* is a national corn not rashly to be trod upon: we *have* Shakers amongst us. But the true-born American must knock under to the Cockney, about American drinks. Let him travel, if he wants to learn something about his native country and her institutions.

"BULLY FOR LOOMIS!"

ANOMALOUS as it may seem, about the most public thing in life is a man's private character. Particularly if he is not an Abolitionist of the ultra school, which kind of man doesn't seem to have much private character to speak of. Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN'S private, moral character has been called over the coals by the *Evening Post*, who got its coals from us to cook its original waterfowl upon. Now they are trying—the rabid Abolitionists are—to "scare up" a flaw or two in the private moral character of Mr. SEYMOUR, but there seems to be a hitch about it, somewhere. Even at a Ward Republican Meeting, the other night, the Detracting Committee could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the subject. A gentleman named *Loomis*, described as being "from Onondaga, the home of Mr. SEYMOUR," was brought forward. He was armed with a pick-axe, for picking holes in the Conservative candidate's character. Perhaps he had a broad-axe about him, to grind—but what did he say? "He chiefly," according to the *Times* reporter, "confined his remarks to the private character of the Democratic (Conservative) candidate, against which he admitted that but little could be said." What that "but little" was, however, Mr. LOOMIS did not say.

Oh! that "but little!"

"Man wants but little here below"—

but we rather suspect that he is not likely to get it, in the present case. Does not something of the future loom through the very admission of LOOMIS?

"Fits Rather Tight."

FITZ BOOZEY, slightly "juicy," was trying to get on a new glove. "Deuce take my hand! I believe it grows larger every minute!" cried he, endeavoring to *jump* into the kid.

"I thought you had given up swearing," observed JENKS.

"So I have. I only said deuce take my hand for swelling so; and I say it again!"

"Well," said JENKS, "it is certainly smaller now than before you spoke!"

"Why," growled F. B., looking tragically at his fist.

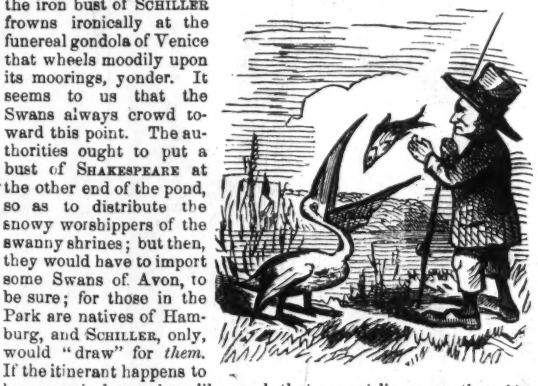
"Because you have just re-deuced it!" replied the incorrigible Joker.

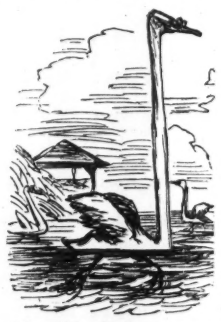
ZOOLOGY OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

ITINERANTS in the Central Park cannot fail to observe small crowds collected, at intervals, along the wire-fence of an inclosure adjacent to the Mall. The largest, and most gaping, of these little mobs is occupied in trying to stare out of countenance the Bird of Freedom, who sits forever upon his perch inside a cage suited to his proportions, captive, but resigned. The park-keepers, if you ask them, will tell you that the specimen before you is a Bald Eagle, but as he doesn't show any appearance of baldness, we must only suppose that he wears a wig. No wonder people crowd to view such a treat as the Bird of Freedom in prison, with a wig on his venerated head. There is a small house in one corner of the cage, which the Eagle rents out by the day to a large White Owl. At night the Owl turns out for a hop round the premises, and the Eagle turns in for a snooze. They are the Box and Cox of the feathered tribes. The other little mobs referred to are composed of more patriotic people, who prefer the sight of a suggestive monkey or a lemon-crested cockatoo performing free gymnastics, to that of the Bird of Freedom in captivity and a wig.

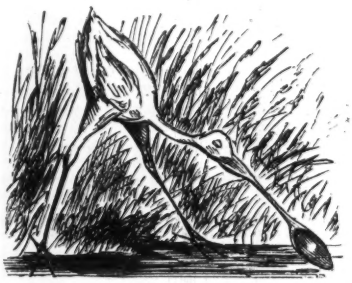
When the itinerant is quite full of eagle, owl, monkey, cockatoo, and the other delicacies of the season contained in this enclosure, including venison, of which there are several, he had better make his way to the sequestered marshes lying a little to the south of the bell-tower. On his journey thither, he will probably be terrified by the occasional appearance of a domestic rat, which is one of the original *ferœ* of the Park. The rat is useful in his way. He is the "small deer" out of which Owly cuts his haunch of venison. Arrived at the swampy tract just mentioned, which is situated in the depth of some Poke bushes, the itinerant sees before him a great savannah, some fifty yards long by thirty wide, surveyor's measure. In the middle of this extensive plain, which is intersected by a meandering, yet rushy river, three extraordinary birds are to be seen by the observant observer. At first sight these birds present the appearance of large, ruffled pigeons, enjoying repose upon rocket-sticks which had come down there for the purpose from the sky rented by NIXON over Cremorne Gardens. These are Storks, and the rocket-sticks upon which each of them rests is one of his legs, the other being tucked up and put away among the ruffles of his shirt. "Call him stork, eh?" said a respectable-looking colored clergyman, who came upon the savannah with his gingerbread-colored wife. "Call *him* stork? —why he don't seem like to stork much with only one leg to his back!" Nor does he; but when he puts the other leg down and proceeds with measured strides to the river for a drink, you should see him "stork." EDWIN BOOTH, in *Hamlet*, is nothing to him, then. Pursuing his course through the tangled jungle with which the river is selvaged, the itinerant need not be startled as he comes suddenly upon a couple of fabulous fowls, enjoying themselves in the puddle with grotesque antics. These are Pelicans, kindly presented to the Central Park by TOM THORPE, the Bee Hunter, who captured them as he was chasing the New-Orleans *Bee* round Lake Pontchartrain. The Pelican is a very interesting bird. It feeds its young upon potted sardines and other pickles, which it carries in a bag. We do not think its Bill is much larger than our own for groceries, but its voracity knows no bounds. A large corps of fishermen is constantly employed catching fish in the big pond, for the sustenance of the Thorpe Pelicans. "*O Pescator del onda!*" exclaimed we, addressing a venerable man of the craft who was jerking large pickerel and things into the crater-like gullet of one of these creatures. That was all we said to him; but it expresses a fine sentiment, and is Italian—what more?

Leaving the sequestered savannah and those charming dogwood wilds in which its six or seven creatures revel, let the itinerant come with us to the shores of the large pond or lake, near to the spot where the iron bust of SCHILLER frowns ironically at the funereal gondola of Venice that wheels moodily upon its moorings, yonder. It seems to us that the Swans always crowd toward this point. The authorities ought to put a bust of SHAKESPEARE at the other end of the pond, so as to distribute the snowy worshippers of the swanny shrines; but then, they would have to import some Swans of Avon, to be sure; for those in the Park are natives of Hamburg, and SCHILLER, only, would "draw" for *them*. If the itinerant happens to be a practical man, he will remark that a great license on the subject of swans has been enjoyed, by the poets, painters, and mythologists of all ages. Who ever heard of a swan being characterized as "stiff-necked"? Where is the artist who ever depicted one of these belied birds but with its neck twisted like this? The rash draughtsman who had done so in the middle ages had had his own twisted for his temerity. But we who see things as they are, O excellent itinerant! have the pleasure of pointing out to you that nothing in nature is straighter than a swan's neck when straightened—no, not even a stork's rocket-stick leg. "And what do you do with the swans in winter?" asked we of a fair-haired young park-keeper, fashionably attired in the cinereous uniform of his corps. "Keeps 'em in a sequestrated pond, sir, in the north of the Park, where we uses 'em for making charcoal." "Ah! yes—but the process, the process!" shouted we, grasping carnivorously at the air like Mr. FORREST. "See how white they be," replied the park-keeper, calmly: "*When the snows of winter falls upon their downy backs, it falls black; it does, and we scrapes it off, and sells it to the government for making gunpowder.*"





After this disclosure we were not surprised when, as we rushed up among the rocks to escape from that cinereous park-keeper, we found ourselves face to face with the Spoonbill, who was having his meridian mock-turtle in a private puddle. Two little ducks in new bonnets were criticising him, and their exclamations of wonder—at the bird, of course, not at ourselves—were still ringing in our ears as we emerged from the Central Park.



OH! WHAT A SPOON!

On the Track.

THE Aldermanic Railroad Committee seems to have some trouble about what is called the T rail as applied to the City railways. Why don't they refer the question to the T rain? We should suppose that if anybody knows anything about T rails G. F. T rain is that body.

THE SUBSTITUTE MARKET.

HERE has been a fair business done in substitutes, in different sections of the country, throughout the past week.

In Pennsylvania, smart mixed Western—half horse, half snapping-turtle — ruled as high as $500. Indeed we heard of $700 being paid in one case, cash down, for a decayed gentleman addicted to drink, who is now serving his adopted country as a substitute for a wealthy merchant, by having delirium tremens and being lashed down to a guard-house bedstead, with two sentries over him, all the week round.

The market has been quiet, steady, firm, active, but rather easier, in Ohio. Counterfeit articles continued to be palmed off upon the unwary, at Cincinnati. One highly respectable citizen there, for instance, paid $450 cash for a large dead pig, which the butcher's boy had rigged out with a coat and hat, and propped up against the door-post, with a paper labelled "substitute" pinned to its breast. Such conduct is considered reprehensible at Cincinnati, as tending to cast disparagement on the pig.

Throughout the State of New-York, the market is exceedingly active in view of the draft, which is certainly to take place on the 10th instant, unless again postponed. In Westchester county, big farmers' boys are buoyant. One who is noted for whistling at the plough fetched $350, a day or two since, to serve as a fifer in piace of a gentleman-amateur-flute-player at Fordham, who knows through a spirit-medium that he is booked for draft. The uncertainty of things in general, such as the possibility of no draft after all, has tended to check operations a little; but the higher grades of substitutes—desponding clerks, for instance—are still up to the mark.

In the City, things are easier since the breaking up of the substitute-brokerage system, which still exists, however, in full blow. The leading feature of the market on Saturday was a fresh arrival of emigrants from the bacon-districts of England. One sale of these is quoted at an average of $250 each for a batch of twelve, which fell to a rich banker whose twelve sons are liable to a draft should any draft take place—as it may or may not. The market closed noisy and riotous, with policemen collaring drunken substitutes, and several wickeds to go down.

"When Taken to be well Shaken."

AMONG war items, the following was lately conspicuous:

"CAPTURE OF QUININE AND MORPHINE."

We have always heard that these fellows were hard to take, and we are nearly wild with joy to hear that they have been taken at last. Let them be sent to the nearest Shaker settlement for prompt action.

A Slash with our Bistoury.

"CUT and come again," is a good old saying meant for encouragement; but if all is true that we hear about the field practice of our army surgeons, we should say that a more appropriate motto for that body would be, "Cut your stick and never come again."

Case of Destitution.

WHAT is to become of the poor army chiropodists, unless boots and shoes are supplied to the soldiers? No leather, no corn, no nothing—they will pine for want of sustenance and perish like poor Pilgrims of BUNYAN, as they are.

A Chance for the Idle.

WE observe that an inventor has lately taken out a patent for an improvement in "operating swells in musical instruments." Should the thing take, we may soon expect to see some of our young men of fashion grinding barrel-organs in the streets.

THE Stamp of Shabbiness.
The blue postage.

Special Dispatch from Frederick.

"HOW is VIRGINIA? Tell her at once to return to her home, and all may yet be forgiven. FREDERICK."

The Hyde Park of New-York.

THE "Swamp."

SIMPLICITY AT THE SOUTH.

WHEN you want something really refreshing in the way of simplicity—something quite pre-Adamite, in fact, though we question the wisdom of going back so far—you must look for it in the columns of some Southern journal, like the *Richmond Examiner*, for instance. STUART'S recent raid—or ride—which must have been so bad for the horses—it seems has been very good for the *Examiner*, which sagacious print, on examining into the affair, is convinced that it is about the biggest thing of the kind on record. The *Richmond Examiner* is so delighted—so full, in fact, of childish and innocent enthusiasm on the subject—that it fairly checks itself, like one quite overwhelmed and drenched in happiness, who rubs his eyes and wilfully resolves it into a splendid dream. Thus the *Examiner:*

"On his [STUART'S] return, it is said that the Union Gen. STONEMAN, at the head of the United States regular cavalry, threw himself across his path, and that STUART cut his way through this opposition 'without the loss of a man.' This part of the story is so delightfully astonishing, that we do not know how to credit it. That he should have returned without loss if he had no engagement, is easily understood, but that he should have 'cut his way through' a superior force of regular dragoons, without hurt to man or horse, sounds more like a trooper's tale than a historic statement."

Well, it does.

The *Examiner* considers that the "intentions and plans" of Gen. LEE, though "delayed by the recent battle at Sharpsburgh," "have not been dismissed from his councils;" and it goes on to observe that "if he should be ever able to establish himself in Western Pennsylvania, (!!) it is difficult to believe that the whole power of the United States could drive him out during the coming winter."

Well, it is.

The *Examiner* doesn't more than half believe the reports of BRAGG'S defeat at Perryville, and says: "We should not be surprised if the next intelligence that reached us should be that of a decisive victory of the Confederate arms in the West. Certainly all well-wishers to the Southern cause must earnestly hope for such a development."

Well, they must.

The *Examiner* confesses it doesn't like the looks of things in the West, and complains bitterly that "so far we have gained nothing but disappointment" in that quarter:

"All our battles there have been the same in kind. From New-Orleans even, we had Lovel's glowing telegrams of the enemy's repulse at the forts, followed by the fall of the city. At Shiloh, we gained the most splendid victory of the war, yet lost it next day at Pittsburgh Landing. Van Dorn shouted glory at Corinth, and then the fortitude of the nation was taxed by his calamity. If Gen. BRAGG has succeeded in breaking the evil spell that seems to enthral the Confederate fortunes in the West, he will certainly have a right to all our gratitude."

Well, he will.

This is the result of the *Examiner's* latest examination into things.

As for the *Richmond Whig*, what do you suppose it urges as the true plan for the South in the light of recent events? Something after this pattern:—

"The President should issue a proclamation, demanding that Lincoln's emancipation proclamation be rescinded, and the whole war system of the North brought within the rules of civilized warfare, and declaring that unless this be done we shall send forces into the North to burn, ravage, desolate, and destroy everything in their path. Nor ought this to be an empty threat."

Well, it oughtn't, certainly.